

# The Saturday News

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## Jasper's Note Book

Hon. Mr. Oliver's return to his constituency for a few days following the Easter holidays has been responsible for letting the public realize what a change that has come over the spirit of the average Liberal's dream in this vicinity within the past year. He wished to discuss reciprocity and other public issues at a mass meeting and the party executive refused to have anything to do with the gathering.

However, the meeting came off on Wednesday night under no particular auspices and the Minister of the Interior had the opportunity of giving expression to opinions on fiscal matters that everyone was already familiar with.

There is no use trying to make an issue of the reciprocity agreement in these parts. Everyone recognizes that it offers an advantage that the Dominion would be foolish not to avail itself of. But it is also recognized that the Canadian government has purely a nominal role to play in the proceedings which gave rise to the pact and that but for the supreme folly of that wing of the Conservative party which set out to attack the administration for what it had done, when there was little praise or blame that should properly attach to it, the government would not now be able to make capital out of it.

It is Mr. Taft who is entitled to any credit that is to be given. Practically the same result could have been effected at any time by the Washington authorities quite independently of any action being taken at Ottawa.

But Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues have the power of doing much for Canada in the way of fiscal reform. There are changes in our own tariff that should be made and the demands for which they are side-stepping, because they consider that with the reception which has been given the reciprocity bargain by so many of the leaders of the opposing party, they have established a reputation as friends of a low tariff which should be sufficient to pull them through.

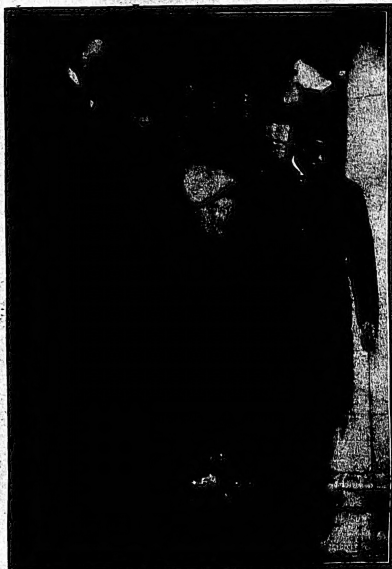
They may be right. But such luck cannot last forever. They cannot always continue to tell the voters in the industrial centres of the East that the manufacturers have been well looked after and that nothing more is to be done for the farmers and at the same time have Mr. Oliver and others come west and talk to us about the "interests" that the government is fighting.

If Mr. Borden should be able to secure the upper hand in Conservative counsels, there is every reason to believe, in view of the revelations of the past few weeks, that he would place himself in line with Mr. Haullain and demand the extension of the British preference and the reduction of duties on certain goods that it is very necessary to have supplied of the men, who are doing the real work of nation-building, at as cheap a price as possible. If he came out strongly for that policy, now that Mr. Fielding has definitely told us that the government will have nothing to do with it, it would mark a new era for the Conservative party.

There is no question that the reciprocity arrangement does involve a certain regrettable result, great as its direct advantages are. It is desirable that the trade with the Old Land should not suffer any diminution in volume. Great carrying agencies have been built up to look after it and it is for the advantage of the Empire that it should expand. The obvious remedy under these conditions is to extend the British preference and if neither party shows any desire to take up that policy immediately, constant agitation should be carried on till one of them is brought to see the necessity of doing something. In failing to make a move in that direction at the present juncture, the Conservative leaders are throwing away a chance that will not soon come again.

Mr. Oliver has been accompanied on this speaking trip by Doctor Clarke of Red Deer, who has more than confirmed the splendid impression which he made on previous visits. In another part of this issue there is published an article from the pen of an experienced journalist, in which is strikingly described the influence which Dr. Clarke exerts at Ottawa. It is a matter of no small gratification to the Saturday News to find that he is so thoroughly appreciated. This paper had such confidence in Dr. Clarke's ability to act as an effective spokesman of western sentiment, that it urged long before the last general election that nothing should be left undone to secure him a seat. The Liberals of his own constituency

## The King and Queen



A recent picture of these Majesties, taken on leaving the National Gallery.



The sovereign used to be conveyed down the Thames in a barge to open parliament. He goes no longer by this mode of conveyance but so peremptory is custom that there is still a royal bargemaster who rides at the back of the coach.

had the good sense to place him in nomination and after a warm fight he was returned.

It is not as a party man that he has accomplished what he has. In fact from his immediate official leaders he has not received the encouragement that would naturally be expected. The place that he has made for himself is a result of his own personality. He dignifies the whole public life of the country and should have a political future of rare usefulness.

The tragic death of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three members of his patrol near Fort McPherson, having nearly reached that post on their overland trip from Dawson City to Herschell Island, when apparently overcome by sickness, has cast a deep gloom over the whole West, where the service which the Mounted Police have performed in making possible the rapid advance of civilization, that the past two or three decades have seen in this part of

the world, is so freely recognized. A more efficient and genuinely heroic body of men does not exist. No one can read the stories that appear year after year in the reports of the force without realizing what tremendous perils the men are engaged or these northern patrols encounter.

Inspector Fitzgerald was one of the most capable and best liked officers. He had risen from the rank and knew his work thoroughly and the loss which has been sustained in his untimely cutting off is very great one.

With the possibility of an extensive negro immigration agitating the public of this part of the world, special interest attaches to certain incidents that occurred recently in the Southern States and which serve to illustrate the horrible nature of the race problem that they have on their hands there.

On February 3 a handsome young woman of 22 was run over and killed by a Tulane avenue car in front of the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans. She was Miss Louise Thibaut, a daughter of Octave Thibaut, who is employed in the United States Custom House. She was a graduate of the McDonogh School, where she had distinguished herself, and an accomplished musician.

One of the newspapers went a step further in describing her and placed an adjective in front of her name that has caused much trouble. It spoke of Miss Thibaut as a young "colored" woman. The family expressed great indignation at the use of the word, and the next day, just after the funeral the brother and brother-in-law of the young woman called on the editor of the paper and demanded the retraction of the word "colored" and an apology.

In Louisiana the word "colored" is actionable at law and more than actionable, for it would be difficult to secure a jury to convict a man who killed another for falsely charging him with having colored blood in his veins. Only recently the leading paper in New Orleans had to pay damages to a minister because of a mistake of this character. A correspondent in describing the minister characterized him as "cultured." The telegraph operator made this "colored." The minister sued for and received damages from the newspaper, and the telegraph company which made the mistake subsequently paid the bill.

When, therefore, the demand was made for an apology for the use of the word "colored" as applied to Miss Thibaut it called for action. The editor, after some discussion of the matter, suggested that it might be definitely settled by a visit to the registry office of births, deaths and marriages. The records showed the letter "C" (colored) against the ancestry of the young woman and the letters "f.w.c." (free woman of color) against that branch of the Thibaut family running back for several generations, even to the "f. l. c." (femme libre de couleur) of creole days. It may be said here of some other old Louisiana families that there are both white and colored branches, the former of which stand high socially in the community.

This was the first tragedy of the young woman's death, but another soon followed and another visit was paid to the Registrar's office and afterward to the courts. A little over a year ago a sister of the dead girl, Alice Marguerite Thibaut, had married Joseph A. Meyer. It was a love match and a happy marriage. The young husband first learned that his wife was "colored" upon the publication in the afternoon paper of the story of the accident to his sister-in-law. There is every reason to believe that the young woman herself had been brought up in complete ignorance of the fact that she had negro

(Continued on page eight)



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**SUNDAY AFTERNOON**

**APRIL 23rd. 1911**

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### WHY PROF. SMITH CAME TO CANADA

(From the London Sphere)

Dr. Pigou, the Dean of Bristol, writes to me in reply to my recent inquiries concerning Mr. Goldwin Smith.

Dear Sir,—I noticed in last week's Sphere that you, with, as I am aware, many others, are at a loss to understand why my first cousin, the late Goldwin Smith, left England for Canada, and was a voluntary exile. His father, my dear uncle, a medical man of some repute, committed suicide. We all felt sure he would eventually do it. Goldwin took this greatly to heart, and was under the fixed impression that it would in many ways seriously affect his prospects. Cynic, as Goldwin was, he was singularly sensitive to criticism.—Faithfully, F. Pigou, Dean of Bristol.

On this subject I see that the nice little paper, the Canadian Gazette, with some measure of pleasantness, reminds me that Mr. Goldwin Smith did not leave Oxford for Toronto, but that he left Oxford for Cornell. As a matter of fact, he left Oxford for Toronto by way of Cornell.

## CHILDREN'S

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April

(On the Lower Mississippi)

Ole Jack Frost he sneaks, a-creep-  
in';

While Sis' Snow she dwindles,  
sleepin';

April's blinking yonder, weepin',  
Wid a rainbow 'ginst her hair;

So dey must be sun somewhere.

Heavy foks lays on de river  
Where de green'n' willers shiver

Till gray blankets wrop and 'kiver  
All de tremblin' branches bare—

An' no sign o' sun nowhere.

Bright new ginghamms in de  
churches,

Schoolmarns trimmin' limber  
kiches,

Old man diggin' bait for pyrchers,  
Hummin' fishes sho to bite,

Ef dis sun don't shine too  
bright."

Boys an' gals all out a-co'tin'  
Lots o' fun an' music floatin'

Out amongst de rafts an' boatin';  
Oh, dey's plenty sunshine there

Whether skies is dark or clair!  
Ruth McNery Stuart.

For the life of me I can't tell  
you why I am telling you about it

this week. It doesn't concern  
you, it is not even apropos of

anything, unless the recent Art  
Loan and the consequent gossip

about old furniture and things  
it stimulated makes it so, but it

is about "Dora"—and "Dora"  
I christened her the moment I ran

across her in my rambles for old  
furniture, because she was really

Dickens' discovery and not mine.

I have having immortalized her type  
when he wrote of David Copper-

field's helpless appealing, incap-  
able and loving little wife.

I must tell you here, though,  
that "Dora" is, and ever has been,

one of my bones of contention  
with Charles Dickens. After mak-

ing us love her, Dickens killed  
Dora, and did I feel sure, because

he wanted to enlist our sym-  
pathies for "Agnes", and because

he had grown a little contemptu-  
ous of David's "child wife."

I have never forgiven him that  
one avowal. I don't love "Agnes"

and I never will. I hate stained-  
glass-window saints.

Poor little Peter-Pannish Dora.  
Well to explain how I discovered

my child who never grew up. I  
must tell you that I had inserted

an advertisement for old furniture  
in the London Sphere, and that he

was in a little town in  
Southern Alberta.

Of several replies one particu-  
larly caught my attention. It

was very beautifully written in a  
man's clear copy-book hand, and

stated that he and his wife had  
some "walnut" they wished to dis-

pose of. It could be seen at Such  
and Such a place, and please to

call, if possible, at such an hour,  
when he would probably be home

and could show it to me.

I couldn't just make it at that  
hour so went a bit earlier.

My quest took me to a little  
house on the outskirts. A modern

house, cramped in by its neigh-  
bors; the fence unpainted, and

looking as if grimy child fingers  
had often grasped it, for support,

and many boyish pen-knives had  
learned to whittle on it.

Then it did, I beheld before me  
a big, raw-looking girl, who

would have done for the "Crafter"  
of "Liberty Hall."

She asked me to step in, which  
I did as best I could, the narrow

box of a hall barely allowing the  
two of us to stand abreast at one

time.

I have always wondered, why  
they always put the staircase in

such houses just at the entry, so  
that people will invariably fall

over each other in coming and  
going.

Drawing aside some chenille  
curtains she thrust me into a half-

darkened room, the air of which  
fairly "hung", without the very

least sensation of ever having,  
at any time, possessed life.

As distinctly as though it were  
a moment since, I can remember

standing there, my breath, as the  
air, for a moment suspended, and

then a weight settling down on my  
heart, contemporaneous with the

wailing of a tiny infant, that came  
from behind the curtains, divid-

ing me from the other half of the  
room.

Before the footsteps I could  
hear passing rapidly to and fro

above stairs, approached, I had  
time to look about for the "wal-

nut" and to take my bearings.

I will never see "Walnut" again,  
but I will think of Dora and Dora's

House. One glance told me the  
story. Recollect I hadn't even seen

my "child-wife" to this time, but  
as plainly as she afterwards ap-

peared to me, I saw her then. Saw  
her in the satin cushions, gaily

embroidered in chenille and vivid  
silks. Saw her in the few pieces

of semi-antique walnut, saw her  
in the hitched-up curtains in the

half-brushed floor, in the gay little  
attempts at decoration, in the

brass-framed family portraits: Felt  
her and her little tragedy in that

smothering air, heard her in that  
low, weak, baby's wail.

Her actual coming was only an  
incident. Pretty, over-dressed,

flustered, inadequate Dora.

Will tea-gowns, too, forever  
serve as a memorial for her? Tea-

gowns I mean, that scream aloud  
that they were part of a wedding-

trousseau, and that they have been  
worn so often since, on and out

of occasion, that they are little  
else than a bundle of soiled, and

be-draggled lace and finery.

Her was, but Dora herself had  
summoned all her little ante-mar-

ital arts to her aid, and on her first  
entrance was vivacious, coquet-

ish and prettily apologetic.

"Maidens were so incompetent.  
She was dismissing hers. Forgive

the room. Baby was so fussy. She  
thought it couldn't be quite well.

Oh yes, I had come about the fur-  
niture?"

"Mr.—, her husband, wasn't  
in just now. She was afraid she

didn't know much about business.

"Oh—hurriedly—please not to  
go, he would be back any second."

"It was some 'pieces' she had  
been given by her mother, some

of the walnut they had had in her  
girlhood's home"—dropping a lit-

tle of the vivacious Dora—"Mo-  
ther had said she had better have

a few pieces of it—it might help  
out. She 'rather,' oh, poor child-

fibbered that to part with it, but it  
crowded the house so, and they

had thought they might have to  
take a smaller one. "Oh, please

don't go."

At home she had always had  
such a good time. Father had al-

ways petted her ever since she  
could remember. Her mother

had hated to see her get married.  
Oh, but her husband was good to

her, and she was afraid she wasn't  
always a good manager. He was

never cross, but he worried about  
things. She had "beaps" of

attention at home. "These were  
some of her old 'beaus' " "Did

the baby cry like that very often?"  
I enquired.

"Oh yes, but it was no use pick-  
ing him up." She didn't know

what to do. They had tried  
everything.

Ring at the door-bell.

The house is so small, so drum-  
like, every word is borne in to me,

as the door opens.

"Please go away. They hadn't  
the money to-day. Mr.— was

out. It was such a big dinner bill  
they couldn't be expected to pay

it all at once anyway. Please go  
away now—there was someone

in the parlor on business. Mr.—  
would pay it to-night for sure."

Why play-act any longer, little  
Dora. Am I so blind, I don't know

the why and wherefore of the size  
of the "home" pieces? Those

"pieces" I myself could never  
want—worse luck—since they

were neither modern nor antique.  
Just Early-Victorian and solidly

ugly.

But the baby, that I could do  
something about.

girl how he breathed it in! and  
blessed me with his eyes.

To keep him out of doors. She  
hadn't tried it.

Would she? Of course yes—  
for a day I suppose.

And then he came in.

A tall, kind, good-natured,  
long-suffering tired "boy."

He was a book-keeper, who  
had lost his position through hav-

ing to stay home sometimes to  
take care of "baby."

Oh little tragedies of life that  
lie all about us, with by Dora's

and David to try and solve them.  
Are the backs fitted for the bur-

dens? Are these two children  
and their child not too immature,

too unlearned to take their places  
in a class so advanced that the

briest boys and girls fall down  
in it?

How sweet it were, hearing the  
downward stream,

With half-shut eyes—ever to  
seem

Falling asleep in a half-dream!  
To dream and dream, like yonder

amber light.

Which will not leave the myrrh-  
bush on the height;

To hear each other's whispered  
speech;

Eating the Lotus day by day.

To watch the crisping ripples on  
the beach,

And tender curving lines of  
creamy spray;

To lend our hearts and spirits  
wholly

To the influence of mild-minded  
melancholy;

To muse and brood and live again  
in memory.

With these old faces of our in-  
fancy

Heaped over a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut

in an arm of brass!

From "The Lotus-Eaters."

Those who have fallen in love  
with Peter Pan, and who has read

of him and his wanderings and has  
not? will be gratified and delig-

hted to know that he is to have a  
statue erected in his honor in Ken-

sington Gardens. Sir George  
Frampton is the sculptor and Mr.

J. M. Barrie the donor. The ar-  
tist has been at work on the statue

for eighteen months and now,  
practically finished, it will be ex-

hibited at the forthcoming Royal  
Academy Exhibition.

The history of the idea of rais-  
ing a monument to Peter Pan is in-

teresting. When the name of Pe-  
ter Pan became familiar through

"The Little White Bird," and still  
more so through the play called

after him, the Board of Works  
presented Mr. Barrie with a key

to Kensington Gardens. After-  
wards they had an idea of putting

some panels representing Peter's  
adventures into the children's shel-

ter, erected two years ago on the  
west side of the gardens. They

consulted Mr. Barrie about these  
and the outcome of the confer-

ences was Mr. Barrie's offer to Mr.  
Lewis Harcourt, a great Peter Pan-

ite, and then First Commissioner  
of Works, of a statue of Peter Pan

in Kensington Gardens, to be erec-

ted on the spot where he landed,  
from his barque on the Serpentine.

This proposal was accepted with  
enthusiasm, and as the gardens are

Crown property the idea was  
placed before King and Queen.

and it was afterwards shown  
keen interest in the progress

of the statue.

The admirable stone picture  
suggested by Sir George Frampton,

and now practically completed  
by him, is that of a brood of

fairies and little things of the  
fields and trees—squirrels and

rabbits and mice, little things that  
are coming out into the daylight

at the call of Peter, who, stand-  
ing on the tree trunk, pipes in

the play for them. The  
monument stands nine feet high

in all and will be so placed that  
it will appear to spring from the

ground.

There will be no base to it. The  
children who come to see it, near

where there are such a lot of ducks,  
need not regard it as a statue but

as some delicate, graceful thing  
that belongs to them.

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There is an infinite amount of  
charm about the graceful figures  
that Sir George Frampton's ge-  
nius has brought clustering round

the trunk. Contrasting with the  
timidity in the little animals is

the saucy daring of the little girl  
fairy, who, having clambered to

Peter's feet, is smiling up archly  
into his serious face. The ar-

tist's idea is that the boy repre-  
sents the play and the tree stands

for the book.

After the Academy exhibition is  
over the statue will be cast in

bronze, a process that will occupy  
nearly six months, so about this

time next year it will be erected on  
the spot now marked out to re-

ceive it in the gardens.

There will be no base to it. The  
children who come to see it, near



# THE CURSE OF THE NATION IS CONSTIPATION

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A famous scientist states that Constipation, or non-action of the bowels, causes more deaths than all other diseases combined. Constipation inflames the kidneys, ruins digestion, is the foundation of Rheumatism, poisons the blood, causes Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Insomnia.

Constipation is caused by a weak or sluggish liver. Bile, the only purgative of the body, is secreted by the liver, which in turn should pour out into the intestines sufficient bile to move the bowels. Unless the liver is active, there cannot be enough bile to move the bowels regularly, and Constipation is the result.

"Fruit-a-lives", the famous fruit medicine, will always cure Constipation because it acts directly on the liver—relieves the congestion—increases the quantity of bile—and strengthens the bowel muscles.

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THE LOUNG

## Springs Coming All Right

The covers of all magazines are now all reds and golds and greens, all bursting buds and sylvan scenes.

And tinkly little brooks; The covers are all loving herds swaying trees and singing birds; the dictionary has no words.

That quite describe their looks. Seed catalogues are out also, and they will tell you how to know the things it will be best to grow.

In your wee garden plot. It seems that every printed thing is full of birds and brooks that sing—is singing chansons of the spring—Of woody nook and grove.

Books now will tell one of the way to make a dominicker lay an egg or two or three a day.

And seven days a week: On twenty-five by forty feet you can raise roosters up to greet the dawn, and tender chicks to eat.

And if you further seek Within its covers, you may know just how, in but a year or so, to pile up dollars till you grow.

A hefty plutocrat; And eat a porthouse, or two—say how dies that appeal to you? Just do as the book says to do.

And you can live like that!

These, not the tall trees burgeoning; these, not the songs the robins sing; these, things like these are signs of spring!

The earth may be all white. The north wind may blow bleak and cold, the earth may look but wan and old, the forest trees stand stark and cold.

Against the wintry night, But when the mad March magazines come out in reds and golds and greens, with tinkly brooks and sunny scenes Beneath an azure sky,

Then you may prophesy, my dear, aloud, so that the world may hear, may shout it in each listening ear:

"Spring's coming by and by!"

The parents of the contributors to the Calgary Herald's children's page must be having a trying time these days. A conundrum competition is in full swing. Think of having a few of the following tried on you at dinner time.

Muriel Glidden writes: "What is the difference between a sigh, a motor and a donkey? Answer: A sigh is oh dear, a motor too dear, and a donkey you dear. There is a mill under the mill there is a walk under the walk there is a kev. Answer: Milwaukee. He loved her, she hated him, but woman-like she would have him, and she was the death of him. Who was he? Answer: A flea. When is a man behind the times. Answer: When he's a weak (week) back. What is the most like a hen stealing? Answer: A cock robbing (cock robin). Or take this from Arthur Moore:

Crooked as a rainbow, teeth like a cat, and what is that? Answer: Blackberry brier. As I went over London bridge I met a number of people. Some was nick and some was nack and some was like a chew tobacco. Answer: Bees.

Entertaining journalism is all right, but the new institution at Ponoka has already as many inmates in prospect as it can accommodate.

The Vancouver Sunset denies

that Mr. McBride would accept a subordinate position at Ottawa.

Investor (angrily)—See here. You told me I'd surely clear between five and six hundred dollars on that subdivision deal.

Broker—Well? Investor—Well, I cleared just \$8.75.

Broker—Then you've got no kick. That's between \$5 and \$600, isn't it?

A jilted swain confides that he thinks he has received the worst treatment on record. The young woman gave him the mitten one night and the next morning sent back the ring in a parcel marked "Glass, with care."

The death of a man named Dave Moffat calls to mind to an American paper a story it heard about him in Denver ten years ago. He went to Chicago. He was alone and when he stepped



Mrs. Mumps: "Your husband wears 'is' air terrible short, Mrs. Gubbins." Mrs. Gubbins: "Yes, the coward!"

from the Pullman into the crowd on the platform a sweet, fluffy young thing threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, dad," she cried, with a series of ecstatic hugs, "Oh, papa dear, I'm so glad to—oh!"

She perceived her error and blushed painfully but gloriously. "I beg your pardon," she stammered. "I thought you were my papa." And she tried to escape into the throng, where she could hide her confusion. But the gallant Dave would have none of such. He held her still firmly in a quasi-paternal embrace.

"I am not your papa, it is true," he whispered, tenderly. "But I am going to play that I am for a while. Don't try to get away from me, my dear, I'm going to play papa to you until the police come."

When the police came they restored Mr. Moffat's watch and diamond scarfpin to him and led the struggling broiler away.

He was a British working man, and he had so many children that he used to call the roll before the Sunday dinner to make sure that they were all there. His wife was bringing in the steaming joint; it was time to begin. A writer in Answers tells the story:

"Erbert!" he cried. "Ere, pa!" "Orace!" "Ezekiah!" "Ere, pa!" "Enery!" "Enery," who had just reached the seventh grade, decided to show off his Latin.

For a few moments his father regarded him with baleful eyes. "Oh, you've 'ad some, 'ave yer?" he growled at last. "Well, you jist git away, then, and make room for them as ain't!"

The manager of a suburban music hall was testing the abilities of several candidates for stage honors, and this is how he let down one of the would-be funny men: "I'm sorry, my boy, but your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theater," he said, not unkindly. "But my dear sir, I do not use profanity," replied the aspirant. "No," assented the manager, "but the audience would."

"Who signed Magna Charta?" asked the school inspector, thunderously.

The village class sat mute. "Who signed Magna Charta?" roared the inspector again.

"P-please, sir," wailed little Billy Smith. "It won't me." The inspector snorted. The class was the most ignorant it had been his lot to examine. He strode from the room and outside met the schoolmistress. Angriely he narrated the last incident. "Who'd ye say said that, sir?" queried the mistress. "William Smith!" snorted the inspector. "Bill Smith," replied the teacher. "Then don't ver believe 'im, sir. 'E's the biggest liar herel! Yer may take my word fer it, 'e done it."

Not every pun is as good as one credited to a Dublin gentleman of long ago by the author of a recent book, entitled "In Many Lands." George IV on his visit to Dublin in 1824, met at a reception Sir Philip Crampton, Ireland's greatest surgeon.

"In what branch of the service

is that magnificent-looking man?" asked his majesty.

The gentleman to whom the question was put was too polite to hint that the king was mistaken in supposing that the distinguished surgeon was a naval or military officer.

"Sir," he replied, "he is a general in the Lanciers."

## THE NINETY-MILLION BABY

(Montreal Herald)

Conceive of the life of Vison Walsh McLean, of Washington, D. C. He is now fifteen months old, and the horror of it must be just beginning to dawn upon his innocent infant mind.

The Lloyds brokers who insure his parents against loss by kid-



The frustrated Communist: "Jest my bloomin' luck! Nice quiet spot; little bag and all—and then, er course, she's gone and got 'er blessed dawg wiv 'er."—The Sketch.

napping have insisted that the upper part of his "pram" be enclosed in a steel cage, and that he who may fall, on the honesty of three detectives. His nursery is fitted with flexible iron shutters, which are padlocked at six in the evening, and two detectives are all night outside the door of the room in which he sleeps. He is the only son and heir of ninety-million dollars.

He lives, moves and has his being in an atmosphere of fear. Fear is the chief element of his inheritance, more important even than the ninety millions. His father was guarded by detectives as a boy, his mother was constantly under the special protection of the police when a girl. Threatening letters were ordinary incidents of life to his grandparents. Everything around him, as he grows up to understand the mean-

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ing of these ghastly precautions, will strengthen that inherited fear of some vague, impending, unpreventable tragedy. He can never know the joy of self-reliance, of trust in his own courage and his own muscle and his own will to meet any danger that may come; for the perils that threaten

responsibility, not always fully observed on either side, but sufficient to enlist the people against any private attack upon the person of the prince. Between millionaires and the republican peoples there is no such relation at all except that of envy and malice and distrust and contempt.

The parents of Vison Walsh McLean have insured him, so that they will not lose any money even if he is kidnapped. That is doubtless a great financial relief. If they had wanted to guard the child against terror and mystery and the sense of separation from all the rest of the world, they could have found other and very simple means. They could have, for instance, consecrated eighty-nine millions and their own efforts to any hundred philanthropic works which are crying aloud for money and executive ability. That would have left them and their child the comfortable fortune of a million dollars and the love and gratitude and protection of the entire nation of the United States.

Customer—Morning, Mr. Snips. Have you any time to spare me this morning?  
Tailor—Certainly, sir, plenty of it.

Customer—Thanks. I'd like to have thirty days more on that little bill I owe you.—Boston Transcript.

"Have any trouble gettin' into the omenin' game, Mickey."

"None. I jist goes."

"Don't th' boss fire you?"

"Sure he does. An' de boss nex' door fire me fren Skippy. Den Skippy takes my job an' I takes Skippy's.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Gosh, I hate to see the summer come," said the farmer.

"Why?"

"Cos all summer long madishes us a lot of stuff we can't eat ourselves jes' to let the city boarders think they're gettin' plain home cooking."—Detroit Free Press.

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## Home and Society

The big society event of Easter week was undoubtedly the last Assembly, given in the Hotel Cecil on Monday evening, when a great many smart folk attended, though there was an unusually large number of attractions on for the same night.

In the Separate School Theatre, the 104th were the hosts of a Military Ball. At the Empire "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" play-

ing charming in a smart black frock with a bandeau of brilliants in her pretty dark hair; Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Hudspeth, Mrs. Ghiselin, Mrs. Jamieson, of Strathcona, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. MacArthur of Wolseley, Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie, Mrs. O'Kelly, and among the unmarried set: Miss

I missed many faces that have been present at most of the assemblies. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar or Dr. and Mr. Bigger were there. Mr. and Mrs. Scoole, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lines, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mays, Mr. and Madame Thibaudau, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, and many more I could name, were also among the absentees.

The music was excellent and the supper unusually good, so that the last Assembly of the season went out in a blaze of glory, reflecting the greatest credit on those responsible for its getting up, as well as for the entire series, which are delightful memories.

Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Emery, both looking in splendid health after wintering in balmy climes are home once more. Which reminds one that Spring has really come, if the birds of passage are flying north again.

Mrs. Duncan Smith is going East this Saturday to spend a couple of months between Toronto and her old home in Sherbrooke, Quebec. During her absence, the Dr. has leased their house furnished to Mr. and Mrs. Ford who have recently moved here from Regina, with their family. I believe they take possession on Monday.

Mrs. Smith will stay over a day or so in Winnipeg, en route, and will be a spectator of "The Tyranny of Tears" in the Earl Grey Competition at the Walker Theatre.

On her return in June, she and the children will leave for their annual summer camp.

Mrs. Ewing, Miss Dorothy Somerville, and Mrs. Balmer Watt will be three Edmonton visitors at the Calgary Horse Show this week.

His Honor of course, opened, and is attending the Show. I presume the Premier's family will be among the prominent visitors. Next week I shall be able to tell you more about it.

Miss Florence Lindner, Calgary, is giving a smart supper party after the Show on Thursday, invitations for which have reached several Edmonton visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar are off for a fortnight's holiday to the Coast at the end of next week.

I hear that Mr. Heathcote is slowly recovering from his recent severe series of illnesses at the Oak Bay Hotel in Victoria, where his wife and baby are with him.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald was the hostess of a tea for her guest, Miss Holland, on Thursday.

(Continued on page 12)



An interesting arrangement of black and white on a pale lemon color hat by Weiss. Pink roses skirt the brim.

ed to a packed house and at the Lyceum, the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club struggled with "The Tyranny of Tears" before a heart-breaking small audience.

"The Queen, etc." evidently caught the public, who really, if one speaks quite candidly, like that sort of thing.

Regarding the amateurs' efforts, there seems to have been quite a difference of opinion. Generally speaking though, the play, or its presentation, did not make any perceptible hit. Perhaps no severer criticism has been meted out to amateur players, than met their two performances of Monday. Something evidently was wrong, or the public was in a bad humor. One will hope for better luck at their Winnipeg performance, or the trip would appear to be a sorry undertaking.

On Thursday of next week, Miss Cobbett's wedding to Mr. Carpenter, and the "Rose Ball" Friday evening of this week will be two very smart events.

Quite a number have gone down to the Horse Show in Calgary, an account of which I hope to run next week.

The Ball to have taken place there on Friday evening, and which was being eagerly anticipated by Show visitors, has been called off, though as yet I haven't learned the why and wherefore.

Speaking of Monday's dance reminds me that while an exceptionally pretty affair, the lights shaded with crinkly rose paper, from a social reporter's standpoint, this very effective feature, made it almost an impossible event to describe. Pink dresses appeared yellow; yellow, white.

As a guessing competition, it would have been an exciting event, but to give an accurate description of Who and What, is certainly beyond me.

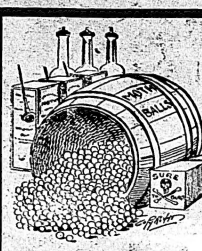
I noticed Mrs. Swaisland look-

Leach, Miss Harbottle Miss Eleanor Taylor, Miss Harvey, of Orillia, Miss Nora Campbell, Miss Eileen Gifford, Miss Phyllis Barnes, Miss Penelope Davies, Miss Jessie Harris, the Miles, Cauchon, Miss Marian Ross, Miss Fairservice, Miss Dorothy Somerville, who I thought was looking particularly well, Miss Florence Cameron and others.



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## Read the 'News'

## Music and Drama

The Edmonton amateurs produced the play in which they will appear next week in the Governor-General's competition at Winnipeg, the first three nights of this week at the Lyceum Theatre. Naturally a production that is to be sent out of the city as representative of the talent of Edmonton has been exposed to a very searching criticism. Some of it, it seems to me, is unnecessarily severe. The choice of the play has been found fault with in some quarters. I, for one, think that it is admirably suited for the purpose for which it is intended. It is not of the class that appeals to the mass of theatregoers but rather to those who appreciate the finer points of dramatic art. "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," which ran as a rival attraction, played to packed and uproarious houses, but no one would argue because it did so that it was representative of the kind of talent that Earl Grey is trying to encourage. That "The Tyranny of Tears," will, in itself, make a strong appeal to the jud-

ges, there is every reason to believe. As to the cast, it could have been stronger, if all the talent which has been brought out in Edmonton in recent years had been available. Unfortunately it was not, but even at that the different roles are in good hands and there is no question that at Winnipeg they will make a showing, whatever the decision of the judges, that will reflect no discredit upon the city. The encouraging part of this week's productions was the fact that there was steady improvement over Monday.

One thing above every other must be impressed and that is the necessity of speaking up. In a play with so clever a dialogue, not a word should be missed. In several places, the humorous passages were so overdone that they failed altogether to convey the impression intended. The play is above everything else, a natural one and there is no need to try and force an effect by playing to the gallery. The fourth act is a weak one. There is too much of a tendency when the time comes for philosophizing to become maudlin. Yet when all this is said, the fact remains that the general conception of the different roles is excellent and that with the advantage of this week's experience, a good showing will be made.

At the Empire for the first part

The final concert for the season of the Edmonton Musical Club will be held at the Separate School Hall on Monday evening at 8.15. Among those participating are Mr. Mortimer Johnson, violinist, who in addition to giving a solo number, has also organized a strong quartette for the occasion: Miss Pinckston, Miss Penelope Davies, Mr. Jones, Dr. Munroe, Mr. Barford and Miss Bell. The admission will be fifty cents for the general public and twenty-five cents for members of the club.

"British News of Canada" makes this comment on the recent incident in Ottawa when the Sheffield choir sang in the gallery of the House of Commons: Choral singing is a blessed minister to the Imperial spirit. The

dignity of the place in which men exchange thoughts.

A Parliament House is the temple of the human voice. Eloquence is a place within it—albeit truly eloquent speech is exceptional. Along come a band of pilgrims in the Empire; who are eloquence in the more melodious realms of human utterance. What more proper than that when the House had formally adjourned, "O Canada" and "God Save The King" should be sung by the company who are carrying through all the Britains the divinest heart-positive ever invented?

When before did a whole Cabinet listen together to the richest melody that their kind can produce? When before, did the crowded galleries of Parliament jangle the flutes in resounding applause? With some folks, anything that is unusual is undignified or improper.

At one time it was thought to be a terrible misdemeanor for exalted personages to ride in public vehicles. When railways came those who owned coaches took their coaches with them on the trains. That form of dignity did not endure. I have seen very consequential gentlemen in penny omnibuses.

The following from the Montreal Gazette's account of the concert given by the Sheffield Choir in that city has given rise to much speculation:

"No body of singers," said The Gazette, "which has ever been heard in Montreal, has exhibited so subtle a force of nuance, so delicate a shading, combined with such terrific climatic effects."

Usually when there is climatic effect at our concerts, we simply call it a "frost."

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?" This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wits and cried:

"Rotten!" Shaw made a curtsey and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles.

"My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front. "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

Mahlon Ivins, Jr., of Mercantile, has a reputation as an actor and takes part in nearly all the local shows. In the last show that was given, Shorty had one of the leading parts.

After the show while he was taking off his make-up, an elderly man made his appearance in the doorway.

"Are you Mr. Ivins?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," replied Shorty, as he motioned him to be seated.

"Well," the old man continued, "I just want to tell you something. I've been watching your acting tonight. You should not be playing in this town; you should be with Mansfield, Booth, or Irving, or Joe Jefferson."

"W-o-w-hy," said Shorty, "those actors are dead." "I know it," said the old man, as he turned on his heel and left. —Philadelphia Times.

On Sunday afternoon, April 23, at three o'clock, there will be delivered at the Bijou Theatre on First St. a lecture on Christian Science by Bliss Knapp, C. S. D., one of the members of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Mr. Knapp is a well qualified exponent of the tenets of Christian Science, and as the subject is one which has interested thousands of thinking people throughout the two hemispheres it is safe to say that a record house will greet the lecturer. The Mother Church maintains a Board of Lecturers whose duties are to give authoritative expositions of the doctrine of the Church in all centres to which they may be called by the local societies. These lectures are free and the public is cordially invited.

### STUFFY CARS AND PNEUMONIA

The board of health of one of the largest cities in the United States has lately pointed out in its bulletin that the local death rate from pneumonia is entirely too high, and suggests that the

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chief reason for this state of things may be looked for in the condition of the public vehicles of transportation. People generally are much better educated as to the need of ventilation than they were a few years ago. Many thousands to-day sleep with open windows and air their premises through the day who never thought of such a thing a few years ago. In addition to this attention is now paid to the proper ventilation of schoolrooms and workshops, to the enormous benefit of the public health. But preaching has not reduced practice in all cases, and the public must work out its own salvation by constant insistence upon its rights in this matter.

Especially is this true in its application to street-cars, steam-cars, and public conveyances generally. These are all alike, and there is no way to prevent the juxtaposition of the sick and the well, or to say that the gripe convalescent shall not sit side by side with the person just ready to play host to the gripe germ. After a trip on any city conveyance at the crowded hour, with its packed mass of sitting and standing humanity, and in most cases, its tightly closed ventilators, one does not wonder at gripe epidemics, but only at their temporary cessation.

On the railroad-cars one runs as much risk, if not more, for though they are not so crowded, the time spent on them is longer, and the air through the winter months is unspeakably vile. This is insured by the double windows, the closed ventilators, and the corridor entrance which is replacing the old open-door cars on many lines. These open-door cars were bitterly reviled because of the uncomfortable cold air that rushed in at every stop, but in that very thing lay their virtue.

The present ventilation system would do very well if it were only brought into use, but of what avail is it to legislate in the name of health, and to multiply the little apertures all round a car if they are to be kept closed by the whim of an imperious conductor? The good old British rule that "you control your own window" is better than this. It leads, it is true, to a considerable amount of snuggling, but although the passengers may grow fidgety, the common sense of it is not off, which is the important thing.—Youth's Companion.

### A SUITABLE ACT.

They were "talking about the Scriptures, and, of course, her knowledge of the Bible was deeper and more accurate than his."

"In the Bible," said she, "one can find directions for conduct in all the circumstances of life."

"I'm afraid I can't accept that," he ventured.

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—Woman's Home Companion.

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## Two Pioneers of the Northland

A sketch of the personality of J. K. Cornwall and of that of Archdeacon  
Robins, by Arthur Hawkes in "British News of Canada"

"For seven years I didn't wear a pair of shoes; and for the best suit of clothes I had during that time I paid eleven dollars, which I earned by collecting a debt from an Indian. Except for four short periods I was hundreds of miles away from the suit. I never saw a train in seven years."

This was said to me a couple of days ago in the dining room of the best hotel in the capital of Canada by Mr. Cornwall, a member of the Alberta Legislature—a man who wears his clothes with an unmistakable air of distinction. He was at Ottawa on some kind of parliamentary business for his constituency, parts of which are three thousand miles from the Capital, and nearly a thousand miles from a railway station. As we talked, the orchestra played, and from a superb gramophone came the unmistakable Caruso.

I know perfectly well that the dining room of the best hotel in Ottawa will become familiar to comparatively few of us; and that you might go ten thousand times and not meet the man whose constituency is as big as the German Empire, and has as many all-white people in it as you could crowd into a mean street in Bradford or Bristol. The point I want to make is that in this expansive land you are next to the elementally great things in nature and in human nature.

## We Are Near the Elemental

I could illustrate with a hundred stories such as you may hear from railway brakemen, from teamsters—from almost any kind of a man who will talk to you naturally, and without supposing for a moment that he is raising the curtain before a style of living that is as new and fresh to the Old Land as the Spring air is after the fog and leaden skies of interminable winter.

Take notice of the unexpectedness of things that occur every day and of the matter-of-fact way in which fine, elemental men take events as common-places. My friend Cornwall I last saw in Edmonton, over two thousand miles from Ottawa, last spring; and I had no more expectation of seeing him when I went to Ottawa

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to peopling the Peace River country. It is his religion—he says so. I asked him how long he had stayed away from what we are pleased to call civilization. He has given his answer. He kept his suit of clothes in Edmonton, and used it when he came in, sometimes once a year, sometimes once in two years—always in the winter, when moccasins were the most comfortable footwear in the little town.

I asked him if he never became lonely in the empty country. "I never get lonely," was the answer. "A tree is company for me. I can sit and look at it, while it tells me things, that, maybe, it wouldn't tell you."

Now, my brother of the Brick-and-Mortar tribe, just turn that over in your mind—the notion of a member of a Parliamentary body sitting, gazing at a tree, and holding spiritual converse with it. Sounds ridiculous—wait a minute; not so fast. You see, you don't really know anything about it. The man is speaking a language that you will never understand until you have been where the language is taught.

## Go Kill a Tree

Go into some grove hundreds of miles from any permanently located community, where none of your race has ever set foot before. Start with your axe upon some tree and make the chips fly till you begin to think the tree is nearly ready to fall. You stop, glance up at the branches and at the surrounding timber, to see just where the last strokes should go, to throw the tree just where you want it to lie.

You resume chopping, when, suddenly, you realize that your swinging blows make a terrible noise, that the wind means a protest as it passes overhead. Presently your mind is divided between watching for the movement that announces the victory of axe and arm, and a half-conscious expectation that a detachment of animals, men, or beasts, a passion of moose and a fox will slide up to you, and ask why you, little being, dare to disturb the peace of the world.

And then the tree comes down, crashing and breaking itself, and its neighbor in a roar of helplessness. It frightens you, though you would never admit the truth. And then, after glancing around, like some thief who is afraid he is going to be caught, you commence to lop off the limbs, and to create the noise you have brought low. Albeit there is a half-conscious sense of tragedy in every move you make; and perhaps, as you cut through a limb that keeps the trunk of the ground, the whole body of the tree turns over like a dying man resentful of his fate.

You remember that you are three hundred miles from Everywhere! Picture then, if you can, this sort of contact with the elemental powers, the attributes of Solitude, and the order from the beginning to become transformed into fruitful business for multitudes and you will get a glimpse of the fascination of the frontier for those whose minds are frontier minds. Then, if you like to picture yourself in the midst of Elemental Forces, and try to know whether you would be in a congenial sphere. You may not be able to tell. You may be a born pioneer. In three months you may find yourself at Edmonton, looking for Cornwall.

## Wireless Telegraphy of Mind

While I am talking about the real Northwest—the settled portions of the prairie provinces are the West—let me record one of the frequent happenings which indicate what one likes to call the wireless telegraphy of the mind. Yesterday as I was climbing the hill that overlooks Lake Ontario, on the summit of which we live, I began to think of Archdeacon Robins of Athabasca. I met him first nearly two years ago, when he was staying with a neighbor. He was on his way to take up pioneer parsoning in the Athabasca and Peace River Country, for a year on trial. He was then vicar of Thorpe-le-Soken, in Essex.

I was able to render Mr. Robins and his wife some slight service and at the end of the year they called on me, on the way to England to give up Thorpe-le-Soken, and to obtain funds and men to help aloft the Cross, in the region where Cornwall holds the ballot box.

## Apostolic Archdeacon

The vicar had become archdeacon, but was not arrayed in apron and gaiters, for there are no ecclesiastical tailors on the Athabasca, and—well, clothes are not an integral feature of the Apostolic succession in regions where, everything being near to Nature, is therefore, close to Nature's God.

Until yesterday I had not seen or heard from the Archdeacon, who is in the Apostolic succession, gaiters or no gaiters. But climbing the hill, I thought of him, and wondered whether he had returned to the archdeaconry whose borders he does not know. I had scarcely reached home before my wife said Archdeacon Robins had telegraphed to say that he would be at our neighbor's house—in fact, he was only a hundred feet away at that moment.

Soon I was with the Archdeacon, who will be a bishop some day, if the Church is wise. He had a heavy round of work in England, preaching the gospel of Canada, which is a part of the larger gospel. Other engagements for both of us kept the talk *shump shump* may e u! upon which I heard many useful things.

## Homeick for Canada

The Archdeacon on shipboard, had been struck by the evidence furnished by Britishers returning to their Canadian homes, of the intense pleasure with which they were journeying away from the Old Land. "England was never so much as they love it," fairly sums up the Archdeacon's impressions of many conversations with all sorts of British Canadians—a text for him and a text for me.

Further, the Archdeacon remarked that the slowness of British manufacturers to cater for the Canadian market with entirely suitable goods—an old text of mine, which is all the better when endorsed by a wise son of the Church.

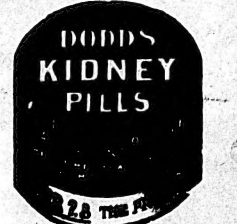
## Why These Gaiters?

Leaving these important subjects aside, I am going to be impertinent enough to submit a few observations suggested by the Archdeacon's uniform. And I shall not beg pardon for doing it, and for being what some people will imagine is excessively impertinent, but to say impertinent in what I say.

It is quite a change, when you meet a man who, last time you saw him, talked about primitive conditions beyond the Athabasca and who now is clad in high regiments of the Canadian army, and who has for a long season been receiving the deference which is offered dignitaries of a vast religious institution.

Could I help wondering whether apron and gaiter will be employed, and, plan a trip to Peace River Crossing, and try to Archdeacon will help drive his dogs, will build the camp fire, and will sometimes toss the flapjacks in the fry pan. Clothes don't have very much to do with salvation in the Peace River country. And no cleric is worth his salt who is not infinitely superior to the Looks of Things. Take my word for it, Archdeacon Robins thinks very little of eaters and apron, and the tie silk buttons that adorn the cuffs of his coat. The Episcopal Bishop of New York dresses just like a business

(Continued on page 7)





## IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



"Jack at Play" in the Toronto Globe keeps up the battle against the giving of trophies for competitions outside the regular leagues and his point is always well taken.

In a recent issue he said: "Another new football trophy is sanctioned in Calgary to represent the championship of Canada." The assumption of authority to decide Canadian championship is now so multiplied as to make the whole affair a laughing-stock. Dominion championships are not to be governed by any individual or private ambitions, however praiseworthy, but by the consent and support of the controlling bodies in the various fields of organized sport.

Is a woman ever a genuine sport? An American baseball manager is quoted as follows:

"There is my wife," he says. "She just about comes up to my shoulder, has a red head and a peaches and cream complexion like a girl of 16, and is full of ginger. If ever there was a true sportswoman she is one. But what does she know about baseball? She has been trailing around with me for twelve years, and since that time and in the days when we were courting she held down a grandstand seat just as religiously as most women go to church."

"For intelligence and common sense I will stack her up against any woman in the land. She knows things I haven't time to learn and will never know. But when it comes to baseball—well, she just can't tell the difference between a foul fly and a three-bagger. And I haven't any false hopes that she will."

"It isn't that they are not interested," he continues. "They can root with the best of them. But they seem to think that the poor 'ump' gives decisions against their team just out of natural meanness, and if someone on the other side pulls off a good play they say he has a mean disposition."

It had been raining for twenty-four hours, and the ground was more like a lake than a football field; but the referee could not see his way to postpone the match.

"Surely you aren't going to make us play in this?" asked the visiting captain.

"Of course you must play," declared the man with the whistle. "Now don't hang about. You've won the toss. Which end are you taking?"

"Oh, well," came the reply with a sigh of resignation, "I reckon we'd better kick with the tide." —T.H.Bills.

The Duchess of York (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I am afraid. Obsequious Professional (who is instructing the Duchess)—Oh, not at all, your Grace; the hole has not got too much to the left. —Golf Illustrated.

The caddie followed him a round the course, silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their wake behind was marked by scars and gashes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark: "Ye'll be a stranger to these parts, maybe?" "Well, not exactly a stranger," Whirr, whirr-swish. And one more gash appeared as a lump of turf soared aloft and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folks are buried hereabouts." "I'll doot ye'll no' go deep eno' with your driver," remarked the caddie, "ye'd better tak' your iron."

In view of what I have been saying in this department for many years and one Herr Oman attributes

the value of boxing. I take much pleasure in reproducing the following from London Truth, which puts the matter well:

The East London Observer says that the pugilistic youths of Whitechapel are having the time of their lives in teaching boxing in Germany. In Berlin and other towns the talk is of "Jeltwales" and "nocksah!" Learned treatises are being written on self-defence,

"To make matters worse, his horse, in spite of his magnificent riding, came in last of all, suffering a most ignominious defeat. When this was learned in London he was severely hauled over the coals, not alone by the foreign office, but also by the late Queen Victoria herself, who intimated her grave displeasure that one of her representatives at a foreign court should have so far have for-



Old lady (to Brownley, who has just lost a brand-new ball in the bushes and is in a heat of a temper): You old rube! You ought to be ashamed of yourself bird-nesting at your time of life!

British greatness to the Briton's skill with his fists. "It is a symptom of noble self-reliance," he says, "when a man prefers his fists to a sword or pistol. The British Empire is founded on the black eyes of its enemies."

"What we want," said the peace promoter, "is a system that will permit candid discussion to take the place of actual conflict." "Don't you think," enquired the man who was reading the sporting page, "that our professional pugilists have come pretty near solving the problem?" —Washington Star.

The movement to reform cricket has many obstacles to overcome, many of which are founded on reasonable objections. For instance the County Gentleman says:

"Too much is made of brightening cricket. The spectator who wants exciting cricket receives more than his 'share of attention, while the man who thoroughly understands the game, the man who appreciates the skill of a clever batsman refusing to be tempted by the most enticing bowling and who understands the clever placing of the field, receives less than his due. Matches are not won by brisk batting alone. Clever bowling, smart fielding and a well-placed field make all the difference between victory and defeat."

How distasteful high office may become to a good sport is illustrated by the following from a cable letter:

"King George has no intention of racing while in India, and the story that he is sending out some of his horses to take part in the Calcutta races at the time of his visit, is without a shadow of foundation. Of course, the appearance of the royal colors on the Calcutta Maidan would be hailed with satisfaction by the English element there. But it would be a most dangerous experiment, and inevitably would be attended by a loss of the dignity and prestige of the Kaiser-i-Hind, in the eyes of the natives."

"Indeed Lord Minto, while viceroy of India, sacrificed much of his authority in personally taking part in the sports and pastimes of the crowd, in riding races and competing in gymkhanas. It would be all very well if victory were assured all the time to the sovereign or to his representatives. But there is always the danger of their suffering defeat."

"The late Lord Vivian, who died as Ambassador at Rome, almost wrecked his diplomatic career, while British plenipotentiary in Egypt, by an incident of this kind. He was a magnificent horseman, and had in England won many races as a gentleman rider. On one occasion, during the reign of Khedive Ismail, he was induced to take part in some races at Alexandria, and appeared on the race track in the silk shirt, cap and boots of a jockey, greatly to the amazement of the dignitaries present.

gotten what was due to his office and to his dignity as to posture in such a costume at a race course, and to subject himself to the jeers and ridicule which ordinarily attend the defeated riders on Oriental race courses."

(Continued on page eight)

### QUICK WORK

It would be interesting to know how many times in a fireman's life his quick eye, strong arm and clear head work together to make a possible such an incident as that described in the New York Mail and Express, by which two lives were saved. The driver of the fire-engine had steadied his leaping horses as he turned from the avenue into the street. Behind came a horse-car, the team galloping like hounds. The engine rounded the curb and started eastward, trailing black smoke and blazing cinders.

With small lessening of speed, the cart pointed for the turn. The trial was a reckless one at best—a circus performance with two wheels in the air and two scudding the pavement.

Carnegie Hall was near. It was concert night. The crossing was unpatrolled, and a man and a woman stood bewildered in the



The Man with the Pie (after teasing): "If you're thinkin' o' gettin' married, Bill, take my bloomin' tip—love ain't everythink."—The Sketch.

centre, while the horses rushed towards them. No one in the crowd saw the swift jerk of the driver's arm as he put all his strength into the guiding line of the near horse.

The forward wheels of the cart jumped the curb; there was a crash when the pole of the wagon smashed through the plate-glass window of a saloon, then more crashing.

The bay horse was jammed over an iron railing and into a stairway, where he tumbled nearly to the bottom. Struggling for a foothold, and pawing the grav, his mate, wavered on the brink. The driver stood fast.

A fire-truck came racing into the street, behind it an engine, and closing in on both the light wagon of a battalion chief. An instant's glance at the predicament

of their comrades was all the men could give. The firemen's duty is to get to the fires.

But before the clanging of their gongs had grown faint the straps that held the struggling horse in the cellarway had been loosened, and a dozen men pulled the trembling animal up the stairs and to the pavement.

They patted his bruised neck and rubbed his nose. Buckles were snapped in place, and three minutes after the cart first turned the corner it was speeding in the direction of the trucks and engines that had passed it in its seeming slough of despond.

### TWO PIONEERS

(Continued from page six.)

man, in which, I take it, he is strictly in the Apostolic succession. Peter and John and Paul were glad to wear anything they could get.

### Plentitude of Buttons

Don't stop reading, if you feel it seems scarcely respectful to talk about an Archbishop's apron and gaiters. Is it not respectful? Think a moment. Why is so distinct a costume retained in 1911?

Is it not, therefore, part of the calling? Why should an archdeacon wear it, and a canon not wear it? And if there is any reason at all for wearing a particular kind of clothes and a plentitude of buttons, is it not because it is intended that notice should be taken of it? "Living epistles, known and read of all men," Galters, I take it, are worn by archdeacons, in order that their daily walk may be the more carefully heeded by their flock.

Is it for dignity that spindle-shanks as well as rounded calves are put into tightly-buttoned gaiters which must be very uncomfortable in the heat of the summer? Is it for humility's sake? Or is it partly for custom's sake? It cannot be to distinguish the wearer as a follower of the Lowly Nazarene,—the clerical collar does that conspicuously enough.

### Let Clergymen Be Natural

Archdeacon Robins doesn't wear gaiters when he is out with a dog team (it is then that he is most of all like Him who said, "Foxes have holes," you know the rest—) why should Archdeacon Robins wear gaiters when he is where there is more need, amid the pomp and vanities of the world, for humble freedom from every form of worldly power?

It will be said, of course, that the practice of the Church gives the clothes of clergy a time-honored distinction. True enough. But does it not tend also to give

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### A SERVANT GIRL'S CHOICE OF AN EMPLOYER

(Berlin correspondence London "Daily Mail")

A domestic servant at Heidelberg advertised for a position as cook and maid of all work, announcing that she would be glad to receive offers of employment in keeping with her special talents. Forty-five replies reached her.

Forty were cast aside as unworthy of notice either because of insufficient wages or because the mistress lived in an "undesirable" locality or higher than the second story.

The five ladies on whom the servant decided to bestow her favor temporarily received notice that she would do herself the pleasure of calling on the succeeding Friday between 2 and 4 o'clock.

She devoted the afternoon to informing herself as to the manner of living in each family, the regular periods at which rises in wages might be expected, the amount of entertaining done, the character and value of gratuities and presents customarily given to servants, how many free evenings a month were allowed, and how long a summer holiday might be expected.

After imparting the desired information the ladies were informed that their offers would be taken into consideration, and decision sent by post. Four of them got the following note next morning: "I regret to be compelled to inform you that my choice has not fallen upon you."

### CONFESSIONS IN CLASS

Scene: A Sunday school. Discovered. A class of damsels biling at their pencils, and a teacher at

her wits' end to fill in the hour prescribed for her lesson.

"Now girls, I want you all to take pencil and paper and write down the names of your favorite hymns."

A pause, interrupted by a piping voice: "Please, teacher, are we to write the Christian or the sur-names?"

### CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST WOMEN

ALBERTA LADY TELLS OF HER CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Was weak nervous run-down and suffering from Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills made her a new person.

Beauvallon, Alta., April 17 (Special)—Women who are nervous, run down and suffering from Rheumatism cannot fail to be interested in the case of Miss Gertrude E. Reymone of this place. She was exactly in that condition. "Today she is as she puts it herself, 'a new person.' Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Here is her statement given for publication:

"My Kidney Disease started from a cold two years ago. Rheumatism set in, and I was weak and nervous, and in a run-down condition. I was attended by a doctor who did not appear to understand my case. Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me."

Is not Miss Reymone's condition an exact description of nine-tenths of the ailing women of Canada? The doctor did not understand her case. It was simple enough. It was Kidney trouble. And Kidney Disease is the one great cause of women's troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

# JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

blood in her veins, for she had gone to a white school and had associated only with white boys and girls.

However that may be, the accidental discovery of the negro strain in the wife completely changed the situation. Not only does the law of the State render such a marriage null but the concubinage law punishes severely with imprisonment the white or the negro who keeps up such relations. If Meyer, therefore, insisted on living with the woman he had married against the laws of Louisiana, but through ignorance on his part, if not on hers also, he was liable to indictment, conviction and punishment for concubinage.

He came to court therefore suing not for a divorce but for a declaration of the nullity of the marriage. The new concubinage law of Louisiana does not fix the degree of negro blood necessary to make a person "colored," hence any proved admixture of negro blood makes a marriage with a white person invalid. There can be no defence in this suit for annulment of marriage, for the plaintiff, Meyer, says that he has made a thorough examination, independent of the registry office, of the parentage of his wife and finds there is no doubt as to her being of mixed blood, although she and the other children were brought up to believe they were white.

Nor did the tragedy end there. The brother of the girl killed in the accident and of Alice Marguerite is a student in the McDonogh School, a white school. He stood well there and was to have graduated into the high school this year, but the exposure makes this impossible, and he must give up his educational ambitions or enter a negro school. It is perhaps needless to explain that nothing is more offensive to people in this condition, brought up to believe themselves white, than to be compelled to associate with negroes altogether; they feel it more than the pure whites when they are thrown back while trying to escape their social and racial condition.

As usual in cases of this kind, the affair is not likely to end with the Thibaut family. The fact that this family with negro blood in its veins has been able to force its way into white society, to have the children brought up in white schools, to associate altogether with white people and to marry the elder daughter to a white man, in violation of the laws of Louisiana, naturally created the impression that other families might be doing the same thing. Hence there has been an overhauling of old registry records to separate the sheep and the goats, to detect the "white negroes" who have escaped from racial environment and forced their way into wholly white circles.

It is understood that an investigation is under

way that will result in furnishing a list of the children with colored blood now attending white schools, accompanied with a demand for their expulsion. Such a list will cause such a rattling of old skeletons far more demoralizing than was brought about a year ago, when the District Attorney began the prosecution of all violations of the concubinage law.

The effect of the taint of negro blood was the subject of one of the strongest plays produced last year at the New Theatre in New York, entitled "The Nigger," the story of which was told on this page at the time. A successful young politician, after his election to the governorship of his state, has his career ruined by the use which an enemy makes of the fact that he is an octoroon, of which he himself has been brought up in complete ignorance. One has to see such a play to read of such occurrences as the above to realize how ugly such a situation can become.

The confession by the young girl, who alleged that she had been attacked, while alone in the house, by a negro, serves to show once more how unjust many of the aspersions that have been cast upon the negroes as a race are. She had lost the ring which she declared the negro had taken from her and the police finally wrung from her the statement that she had trumped up the story which she told simply to save herself from punishment. If this could happen in Edmonton, with the mild state of excitement that the arrival of a few hundred negroes has caused, it is not difficult to understand how such incidents have multiplied in the south. The slightest suspicion has often been sufficient to lead to the lynching of a black and there can be no question that scores of them have been most unjustly done to death.

The immigration that has started in this country is a mistake from every standpoint and it cannot be allowed to attain large proportions. The Edmonton Board of Trade went clearly on record to this effect at its meeting on Tuesday afternoon. But those that have already come should be treated with respect and given every chance to lead the lives of decent, industrious citizens. Any imitation of the spirit that prevails in the south would be directly contrary to that which pervades our institutions.

Even the musical comedy producers are helping along the work of our publicity departments. In "The Pink Lady," which a New York despatch says is the best thing of its kind that has been produced in years, there is a song entitled "My Girl by The Saskatchewan." The effect of this is not to be sneered at. It serves to fix the name in some people's minds and make them enquire as to the location of the river, as nothing else could.

## CLARK, OF RED DEER

A Distinctive Personality at Ottawa

The reciprocity debate lagged. The oratorical cannonade had become desultory. The Big Guns had roared—and rattled. And now, from the outworks, the inconsequential artillery was sputtering a feeble repetition. The House of Commons had settled itself good-naturedly, with the lackadaisical toleration which is its own, to wait—while the illustrious Back Benchers did their labored talking to Hansard. Interest had faded. In the Ministry had hurried from the Chamber to attend to the demands of their departments. Members availed themselves of the opportunity to "catch up" their correspondence, read the newspapers, or wander off for a sociable smoke. Occupied of the press gallery busied themselves getting their despatches into shape, or lounged lazily over the latest periodical.

Of a sudden there was a change. Calls buzzed in the press room. Somebody was beginning to make live "copy." The House began to fill. Ministers followed one another back into the Chamber. The Opposition leader, pen behind his ear and sheaf of papers in his hand, hastened to his place. There was a steady stream in through the members' entrances. Correspondence was discarded, newspapers were cast aside. The Commons was at attention again. Front-benchers on the Government side gradually began to twist their chairs to one side to view the speaker. The Prime Minister frankly turned his completely round. And all because a few page boys had carried through

the corridors: "Clark, of Red Deer, is up!"

For Dr. Michael Clark is one of the distinctive personalities in Canada's Parliament. When he speaks there are no wasted words. He is rarely upon his feet for very long, but while he is there he invariably commands the undivided attention of the House. He has something to say, and he says it with conviction—his own conviction and, very shortly, the conviction of those to whom he is talking. Dr. Clark will always convince, though he may not invariably convert. He is, first and last, a logician. He sends men away thinking.

The fond interest attached to his utterances on the pending reciprocal trade arrangement with the United States. The member for Red Deer is an Englishman, a native of Northumberland—his father born below the Tweed, his mother beyond—and is intensely loyal to the Old Land. He is, moreover, an exponent of free trade. Free-trade-as-they-have-it-in-England, if you please, and prepared at all times to justify the faith that is in him. As such he composes a mammoth minority in the Canadian Commons, where he is perennially twitted on ploughing his lonely fiscal furrow. Again, he is a Westerner, an Alberta rancher, and although he came to Canada scarce a decade ago, he is credited with enthusiasm to the ownership of his new home, and speedily became recognized as an accurate spokesman for the progressing prairies.

Dr. Clark is a "man o' pairs." English by birth and sympathy, educated in Scotland, taking his degree and becoming a M.D.C.M. of Edinburgh University, he practised medicine for several years in the north of England. But, as his boys grew up, he looked further afield. He must give them their chance. So, nearing the meridian of life, he relinquished a profitable practice and transferred his home to Canada, where he located, some nine years ago, on a large Alberta ranch, and proceeded, with the "boys," to raise cattle and grow wheat. It speaks much for his energy and enthusiasm that his radical venture has proved successful. But the customary narrowing influence of a professional training left Dr. Clark unaffected. He early developed into a keen practical economist, and his devotion to bones and arteries did not prevent him from becoming a veritable reference library of history and literature. He made good as a farmer on the prairies, as he made good as a practitioner among the hills of Northumberland.

The intellectual quality of the man is lighted in the House he has won a unique place for a newcomer. He is a bit of a philosopher, thoughtful and reflective, with an occasional dash of pessimism alternating with longer glimpses of a happier faith. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman in debate. He is flashily effective at times, and can take a vigorous part in the typical parliamentary melee without permitting his finer sense of British debating ethics to degenerate. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," has come to be too much the motto of the Canadian parliamentarian. If the Apsle had fought constantly instead of once in a way with the wild beasts of Eboesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator; and perpetual participation in the long wrangles at Ottawa

tends somewhat to vulgarise men as controversialists. But Dr. Clark has emerged from the ordeal unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His humor has perennial sparkle. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, but he bestows his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavor, which does not weaken their effect and yet leaves no embittered recollection.

There is one quality, unfortunately somewhat rare in parliament which Dr. Clark possesses in ample store. He is magnanimous. He can tolerate a gibe, and he does not resent criticism. His lonely fiscal creed brings him full many a thrust. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed. These incidents do not disturb his equanimity, or shake his conviction. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep the Red Deer man from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which unbelieving members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the House. When Artemus Ward's steed was weary, he hung a hornet's nest upon its tail "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Dr. Clark undergoes at the hands of Canadian high protectionists does him a similar service. And he is a big enough man to disdain to regard difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognise the intellectual honesty of those who regard his policy with detestation.

Mr. Clark was concluding his address, when someone touched the writer on the shoulder. It was one of the deans of the press gallery, wise from long experience "Look at the Chief," he whispered.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sitting with his back turned to the Mac, facing the Red Deer man. He was drinking in every word. Ever and anon a flashing epigrammatic sentence heralded a smile, while a clinching argument set the Prime Minister to vigorously tapping on his desk.

The newspaper Nestor leaned down again, "Free trade, or no free trade," he murmured sotto voce, "that man is marked for preferment."

And all this was, of course, before Dr. Clark had been selected to accompany certain of the Cabinet ministers on what is known as their reciprocal trade education campaign in the various eastern conservative Canadian cities—H. W. Anderson, in Canadian Courier.

## In the Athletic World

(Continued from page seven)

Activity is being shown in connection with most of the summer sports. Despite the fact that no one knows just what shape the league is to take, Deacon White's baseball cohorts had their first workout during the past week. The Alberta Amateur football association at its annual meeting in Edmonton elected the following officers, and all reports indicated a very active and successful season—

Hon. Pres.—Dr. Clarke, M. P., Olds.  
Hon. Vice-Pres.—Dr. Inge, Calgary.

President—Rev. R. Pearson, Edmonton and Red Deer.

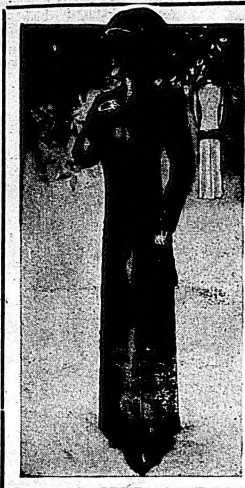
Vice-Presidents—R. C. Ward, C.N.R. district; J. W. Ward, Edmonton district; A. R. Gibson, Red Deer district; Harry K. Fielding, Stettler district; W. J. Maclean, Wainwright district.

Secretary—H. J. Snell, Red Deer.  
Registration committee—H. W. Snell and the president and secretary.

Auditors—A. R. Gibson and M. H. Hadley.

At the annual meeting of the provincial athletic union it decided to hold the annual meet in Edmonton. Mr. W. A. Buchanan intimated his desire to retire from the presidency, that office being filled by the executive. The principal business consisted in dealing with the application of several athletes for reinstatement in the club of the most rigid investigation is to be made of each case.

## SUITS



We believe that there is no better display of Lady's wear in town.

This suit, as shown in the illustration is of high grade pure wool worsted, in the long slender effect, with wide bands of black silk millinery braid on the revers, cuffs and back; also on the side panels of the skirt. The coat is lined throughout with silk; skirt is 5-gored and narrow. A very smart and trim suit. Grey only. Sizes 36 to 42.

**\$25.50**

**W. Johnstone Walker & Co.**  
263-7 Jasper Ave. E. Phone 4651, 2982

## WANTED

You to know that the  
**Travis-Barker Exchange Mart**  
(McDougall Ave., south of Jasper)

(McDougall Ave., south of Jasper)  
Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Grandest in every variety of shape and tint.  
A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra stove cast iron parts and exceptional oven ..... \$13.75  
A No. 7 well at ..... 16.75  
Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11 ..... 8.95  
A No. 13 ..... 7.75  
A No. 15 is ..... 9.75  
Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs, only ..... 4.95  
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress ..... 5.75  
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00 ..... 69.00  
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for ..... 3.50  
Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for ..... 6.75  
Wash stand for ..... 4.95  
All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at ..... 1.95  
Flannel Sheets ..... 1.05  
Building Paper, Tar Paper, Toilet Sets, Horse Rugs, from Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes. ..... 3.45

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1336.

## THE ISLAND OF YAP.

Reuter's Agency says that 425 rebels from the Caroline Islands have been banished to the Island of Yap.

I've travelled o'er land and o'er ocean;

I'm quite an intelligent chap; But I have to confess I'd rather know less

Than nought of the Island of Yap.

Is the climate beneficent, balmy? Or are you expected to wrap Yourself to the throat in your new fur-lined coat

In the beautiful Island of Yap?

Do the people adopt Local Veil? Or do they keep whiskey on tap?

Does the wild Sufrakeep with her goings-on get

On the nerves of the natives of Yap?

Do they worship the drama and music,

Or are they not caring a rap For the nummers who mum, and the strummers who strum,

In the beautiful Island of Yap?

Are they fond of the quip and the story,

And all your best jokes do they cap

After dinner or lunch, from back numbers of Punch,

Which they take, in the Island of Yap?

But if this kind of weather continues

(George William, just hand me the map)

I will take the next train, to get out of the rain,

To the beautiful Island of Yap. —London Globe.



The Shoe Repairing work that is talked about is done by  
The Progressive Shoe Repair Co.  
corner 9th and Jasper

# The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

Our customers are the particular people of Edmonton. If you belong to that class we shall see you soon.  
The Progressive Shoe Repair Co.  
corner 9th and Jasper

## The Investor

The land office continues to be the main centre of interest in the city. The coming of two government holidays in the middle of the rush of immigration caused some inconvenience and on Saturday and Tuesday record crowds were gathered there. On the latter day no less than 101 applications for homesteads were recorded.

The character of the newcomers continues very high. The one fly in the ointment is the negro immigration. Up to the present it has not attained such volume as to cause alarm in itself. What is feared is that it will each year attain larger proportions. That the movement is an extensive and well-organized one is apparent and unless active steps are taken to curb it before next year this part of the West is going to be seriously affected. The Board of Trade is taking the matter up with Ottawa. What Secretary Fisher told the Board at this week's meeting is absolutely convincing, as to the need of having something done. It is not a case of race prejudice on the part of the people of Edmonton. The question as to whether the negroes are good or bad people to live alongside of need not be debated. All that we have to deal with is the fact that this prejudice, reasonable, or unreasonable as it may be, keeps out the most desirable class of settlers from districts where the negroes are numerous and we cannot allow our progress to be held back by any such inflow of colored people as we are now threatened with.

At a meeting of the Canadian

Club on Wednesday Hon. Frank Oliver spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of the Mackenzie country which he visited last summer.

"The country is there, gentlemen," he declared, in conclusion, "and the welfare of Canada will be stupendously enhanced in years to come by its development. I would say that there is room north of Edmonton for as many people as are now living between here and Winnipeg."

This is an opinion which has been expressed over and over again and backed up by the most indisputable evidence. Why then should there be any delay in securing transportation facilities for the two hundred odd miles that a railway would have to traverse before the great northern waterway is reached which would tap the territory tributary to it along the two thousand miles and more of its length? The question has aroused a great deal of political heat but it is one that so intimately concerns the welfare of all who have a stake in Edmonton and indeed in the whole province that ordinary political considerations are not being applied to it.

Senator Edwards, the well-known Ottawa lumberman, who is also president of the cement mercur, was in Edmonton this week with P. B. Jones, the general manager of the cement corporation, looking into the question of securing Edmonton coal for the plants in the south of the province which are suffering through the strike in the Crow's Nest.

Mr. Lionel Gibbs is keeping up the good work with his town planning campaign and is meeting with a very large measure of success in his efforts. He addressed the Trades and Labor Council this week and had the satisfaction of having his ideas given an enthusiastic approval.



Third in the order of seniority among Edmonton managers comes Mr. John Anderson of the Union Bank of Canada. Mr. Anderson entered the service of that institution in his home city, Quebec.

Soon after he was transferred to Winnipeg, where he remained six years. After three more in Calgary, he came to Edmonton to open the branch here in 1900, when the town had a population of about 2600. Under his guidance the business of the bank has shown constant development and it has been no small factor in the commercial expansion of the city. At the end of the present month the staff moves into splendid new quarters further west on Jasper, facing Howard, abandoning the building which has been occupied from the first.

Personally, there are few more popular men in Edmonton than "Jack" Anderson. He is not the type of citizen who likes to be always in the limelight, but in his quiet way he has been able to do very effective work on behalf of the community in which he has made his home for the past eleven years.

Among his customers, though he is always on the job for his bank and never for a moment loses sight of its interests, his name is a synonym for courtesy and fair dealing and genuine regard for their welfare. A man who can occupy the post that Mr. Anderson has during so trying a period in the growth of a new western town and at the end of it preserve the good-will of those with whom he has had to deal to such an extent as he has, is no small asset to the institution with which he is connected.

stastic approval.

The syndicate which proposes to develop the marl deposits west of Edmonton will start construction on the plant on May 1st. Between 50 and 75 men will be employed on the work of erection.

Charles E. Taylor, general manager of the Crafts & Lee mines at Tofield, has returned from the Old Country where he completed the purchase of \$50,000 worth of machinery. The company expects to turn out 600 tons per day after the first of June.

J. H. Morris and Co. have purchased the Sandeman block on Jasper Ave. East, now occupied by Graydon's drug store and the Palm Clear store, with the court rooms above for \$125,000. This is at the rate of \$1250 per front foot.

Lots 45, 46, and 47 in Block 2, River Lot 12, being the triangular shaped property on Jasper East where the old immigration hall stands, were sold this week by J. H. Lyons for \$27,000, the names of the purchasers not being disclosed.

The lot adjoining the Wize Block, between Sixth and Seventh streets on the south side of Jasper, was sold this week for \$850 per front foot, the purchasers being G. R. F. Kirkpatrick and D. J. McNamara.

It looks as if the area tapped by the G. T. P. line north on Twenty-First street might become a considerable industrial and distributing centre. The Imperial Oil Co. has decided to erect a \$60,000 warehouse on a property it recently secured in that vicinity while Cushing Bros. this week took out a permit for a \$24,000

factory on 19th St.

H. P. Eckhardt, in discussing western growth in the Monetary Times makes these interesting comparisons:

As regards the number of bank branches, the growth or development may fairly be described as marvellous. At the end of 1889 there were in all Canada 402 bank branches. These were divided between east and west as follows:

Western branches—British Columbia, 9; Manitoba, 13; North-West Territories, 4; total, 26.

Eastern branches—Ontario, 231; Quebec, 60; New Brunswick, 32; Nova Scotia, 47; Prince Edward Island, 6; total, 376.

Thus, twenty-one years ago the bank branches were practically all in the East. The West had but 6 1/2 per cent., while the East had 93 1/2 per cent.

Let us now examine the position as it appeared ten years later, at the end of 1899. The whole number of branches had in this period increased from 402 to 663. The increase, 261, represented a gain of about 6 per cent. At this time the branches were disposed of as follows:—

Western.—British Columbia, 41; Manitoba, 50; North-West Territories, 19; Yukon, 2; total, 112.

Eastern—Ontario, 321; Quebec, 113; New Brunswick, 34; Nova Scotia, 74; Prince Edward Island, 9; total, 551.

The West here showed a striking gain in percentage. It claimed 17 per cent. of the whole as against 6 1/2 per cent. in 1889, while the Eastern percentage fell to 83.

Examining the position at the end of 1910 we get the following:

Western.—British Columbia, 169; Manitoba, 190; Saskatchewan, 272; Alberta, 189; Yukon, 3; total, 823.

Eastern—Ontario, 952; Que-

## To Own a Home

gives a man a standing in his community; makes him a better citizen and establishes a credit. Why should you not better yourself? Have a standing and the respect of your fellow citizens. Start in now by buying a lot in

LOTS \$90.00 UP

# BARTON

\$10 Cash  
\$5 Per Month

## ARTHUR BLOOMER

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No Interest  
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Open Evenings

115 JASPER AVE. WEST.

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## PHONE 4321

Get your property in this list. Write, Phone, or Call at this Office

### FAR OF ALL SORTS

#### FORT SASKATCHEWAN—

W. 1/4 of W. 1/2, 16-55-22, W. 4th

18.00 Per Acre

Two miles north of Fort Saskatchewan. Excellent piece of wild land, in the centre of good wheat growing country.

#### FORT SASKATCHEWAN—

N. W. 12-54-23, W. 4, \$3000

One-third cash; 30 acres broken, 80 acres cleared; fenced on two sides; barn and well. This property is two miles

south of Fort Saskatchewan.

#### FORT SASKATCHEWAN—

R. L. 28, 12 and 1, \$20. per Acre.

930 acres facing on the Saskatchewan river, part of it adjoins Fort Saskatchewan Townsite. Running stream through property, mostly open land. This land is worth at least \$25 an acre. \$5000 cash, balance over ten years.

#### SECTION 23-50-1, W. 5th

\$12.50 per acre

448 acres of wild land, nearly all clear, slopes south to Saskatchewan River, and includes two islands. Coal and Sandstone outcropping on river bank; mining Rights can be bought from the C. P. R. for a few dollars per acre, \$1,000 cash, balance arranged.

#### N. E. 12-52-16, W. 4th, Half Section, 9.00 per acre

15 acres broken; house 14x16, granary 10x12; half mile of good wire fence. Land nearly all clear. \$500 cash,

balance easy terms.

#### SECTION 31-51-25, W. 4th, Whole Section, \$26 per acre

All good land, 75 acres hay land, balance nearly all clear. Some spruce and poplar, \$500 cash, balance arranged at 7 per cent.

#### H. B. R., SEVENTEENTH ST.—

Eight-roomed House, Fully Modern, \$5200

Very superior fittings and appointments; maple floors, built in fireplace; splendid

view of river. Lot is 25x150

Easy terms.

#### BROOKLYN—

8 1/2 Acres, Price \$3000

Streets on three sides, close to Namayog Avenue, splendid soil, this is excellent for market gardening and later will make a good subdivision. This is one of the best buys we have, and you will do well to look into this, \$1325 cash, balance 6 and 12 months.

ARTHUR BLOOMER Phone 4321. 115 Jasper Ave. W.

bec. 351; Nova Scotia, 109; New Brunswick, 21; Prince Edward Island, 15; total, 1,498.

Thus at the end of last year the Western percentage was 35%, the Eastern 64%. The Western provinces now have more than half as many branches as the Eastern provinces possess.

Truth, Labouchere's famous weekly, at the invitation of the Canadian emigration authorities, has been conducting an independent investigation into the department's work there. The article this week covers several

pages and is entirely favorable regarding the methods and honesty of the department dealing with intended emigrants.

Perhaps the most significant comment is as follows: "If the conditions of life and prospects for the future in the Canadian Northwest are sufficient to induce American farmers to sell up their homesteads and cut themselves off from kin to make themselves new homes in a new country, it is not likely that starvation and destitution will await the British emigrant when exactly the same chance is offered him."

W. D. Scott, superintendent of Immigration, who has returned to Ottawa from his annual visit to the Old Country, states that he has never seen anything like the real enthusiasm which the mere mention of the name of Canada creates in Great Britain on any previous visit. He expects the greatest immigration from Great Britain this year in the history of the Dominion. He says it is impossible to book either a steerage or a second-class passenger on any direct steamer bound for Canada for some months to come. In addition to this many others are coming via New York and Boston. Mr. Scott predicts that there will be at least 175,000 immigrants, as against 112,000 last year. Most important of all is that the quality of the immigration is improving. He regarded those who came out with him on the same steamer as the pick of the people.

It was announced last week in Winnipeg by assistant land commissioner of the C. P. R., J. L. Doupe, that in all probability lots in the new townsites on the branch from Regina to Colonsay would be offered for sale by auction at Saskatoon on or about May 10 next. The names of the townsites are as follows: Liberty, Stalwart, Imperial, Simpson and Amazzon.

Mr. Doupe also commented on the wonderful growth of existing townsites and stated that additional surveys of property would be necessary at many Saskatchewan and Alberta towns; among them being the following: Kerrobert, Outlook, Wilkie, Webb, Morse, Tompkins and Forbes in Saskatchewan and Alix, Daysland, Killam and Walsh in Alberta. Several important subdivisions of C. P. R. property are also in progress at Calgary.

An officer of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange, in speaking of the practice of multiple listing, which so many owners of real estate follow, says: "Owners of property for sale who wish to get the best results

and get the assistance of members of the exchange in selling the property, are urged to list with a single agent. It is a mistake to believe that listing with several agents increases the chances of making a sale. What is everyone's business is no one's, and an agent cannot afford to properly advertise and otherwise push the sale of a particular piece of property unless he is reasonably sure of getting his commission in case of sale. Moreover, every purchaser wishes to buy at the lowest price. He will naturally deal with the agent who can offer the property cheapest, which puts a premium on price cutting and invariably results in a loss to the owner. An exclusive listing not only prevents price cutting, but is an incentive to the agent to devote his best efforts to putting the property on the market advantageously. It also enables him to deal freely with other agents in connection with the property, on the basis of co-operation instead of competitive price-cutting."

One of the big real estate transactions of the past week was the selling of the Pringle ranch at Alix. The ranch is situated near the town and has been owned by A. H. Pringle for some time. It is 1,200 acres in extent.

The deal was made through the offices of F. C. Lowes and company, and the price was \$142,000 for the 1,200 acres. The purchaser is an English investor.

A reader contributes the following:

Some time ago, when journeying westward from Edmonton along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to Edmonton, a remark made by the conductor struck me as being forcibly true. As the train was rushing along the edge of the shore of Lake Wabamun the observation was made: "This is the prettiest between Edmonton and Edson." Wabamun means "looking glass," the water being so clear, but it was once called "White Whale" Lake. It is about fourteen miles long and varies from two to five broad, running

east and west. The train hugs most of the northern shore and it rounds some pretty bays on the way. South of Fallis a peninsula juts into the lake southerly for almost a mile and quite a quarter of a mile in width, terminating in what is known as "Coal Point." The depot of Fallis lies snugly in a cove and is very sheltered. Trains arrive from the city at 9 a. m. and leave at 7.30 p. m.

for the city daily. The neighborhood is the annual happy camping ground for many of Edmonton's prominent citizens in summer and this year there is evidence of this resort having "caught on."



Under the Gracious Patronage of

## HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY King George

### MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE EMPIRE

President—His Excellency Earl Grey, P. C. G. C. M. G.  
Direction of Dr. Charles Harris.

First visit to the West of the greatest band of Singers in the world, the famous

## SHEFFIELD CHOIR

### 200 VOICES

Conductor: Dr. Chas. Coward in a Two-days' Festival of Music at the

McDougall Auditorium Tuesday and Wednesday May 9th and 10th

### 9 SOLOISTS-9

See Plan at Harmony Hall, The George H. Suckling Piano Warehouse.

Opens Wednesday, April 26th. Tickets, \$3 and \$2. Railway Excursion rates from all outside points.

Address orders for seats to GEO. H. SUCKLING, Harmony Hall Piano Warehouse, 237-39 Rice St.

## WILKIN & McKINNON

Jas. A. McKinnon

W. L. Wilkin

We have a large demand for west end residences.

If yours is for sale we would like to have a listing of it.

We would like you to call at our offices or telephone us.

We want houses to rent in any part of the city.

## WILKIN & McKINNON

Telephone 2424

Rooms 117

Windsor Block

## FOR SALE

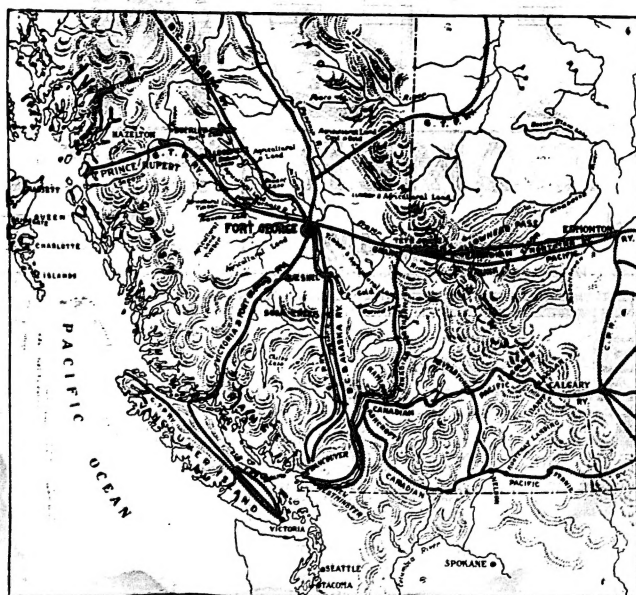
Groat Estate—Double corner being Lots 162 Block 12 James St. now 23rd St. & Athabasca Ave. Cash \$4,500 or on terms.

Apply Owner, Box 78.

Saturday News

# FORT GEORGE

"The Hub of British Columbia"



## PRICES..

City Lots from

**\$130 to \$2,000**

Five Acre Gardens

**\$50 per acre**

Farm Lands

**\$6.50 to \$30**

Per Acre

## TERMS

**\$10 to \$20 per month**

**No Interest**

**No Taxes**

## Six Reasons Why You Should Buy in Fort George

- 1.—**BECAUSE** of its natural location, situated midway between Edmonton and Prince Rupert.
- 2.—**BECAUSE** all railroads building through Central British Columbia, whether north, south, east or west, must build through Fort George, which will make it one of the greatest railroad centres on the Continent.
- 3.—**BECAUSE** it has 1238 miles of navigable waterways where steamers can ply north, south east and west.
- 4.—**BECAUSE** it has fifty million acres of the best agricultural and fruit lands.
- 5.—**BECAUSE** it has billions of feet of first-class milling timber.
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636 First Street

Home and lot on Kinistino, \$2,500.  
Lot on Namayo \$250 a foot.  
Acre lot in Roslyn, between First and Namayo \$1,000.  
Good Bay on 6th St. in H. B. R. \$1800.  
We have some good farms for sale. Call and look over our list.

List your property with us.  
**STANDARD REALTY CO.**  
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## C. A. Lowe

637 FIRST STREET

Two Lots on First St. South of Alberta Ave. \$1,800 each. Terms.

**DOUBLE CORNER**  
Kinistino and Heimnck \$4,000  
Good Terms.

## C. A. LOWE

Phone 4511 637 First St. Edmonton

## WE

can suit you if you give us the chance

### National Blend Coffee

Is put up only by

### The National Blend Tea Co.

Cor. Fraser & Heimnck

**PHONE 2753**

for a pound of our No. 3 at 40c, or No. 5 at 50c.

You will find these coffees unsurpassed by any at the price.

## Opportunities

The opportunity of a lifetime can only be taken advantage of during the lifetime of the opportunity. The following opportunities will be short lived. Grasp them before it is too late.

### NAMAYO AVENUE

Lot 9, Block 18, R. L. 10, \$2550. Good terms. This price is only good for two days.

### GLENORA

A splendid lot in Block 57, \$1000. Terms easy.

### GROAT ESTATE

Two lots in Block 46, \$1000 each.

### INGLEWOOD

Three lots in Block 17, \$475 each.

One lot in Block 48, \$650

Two lots in Block 5, \$625

### WESTMOUNT

Two lots in Block 20, \$425 each.

### WESTWOOD

Extra good lot in Block 3, \$675. Good terms.

### CROMDALE

Three lots in Block 8, \$250 each.

### NORWOOD

Double corner in Block 61, \$800. Easy terms.

If you are looking for an up-to-date house, a farm, vacant lots or anything in the way of Real Estate, it will pay you to see our list before buying.

## Stuart & Co.

344 FIRST ST.

OPPOSITE ALBERTA COLLEGE

PHONE 444

## THE CITY STOCK EXCHANGE

688 Jasper Ave. East.

Phone 4403

A splendid lot with 2-room shack on it on Clark St. Price \$1375, half cash, balance 6 and 12 months.

A good ¼ section about 8 miles north of the Fort, with shack on it, 30 acres have been broken. \$10.00 per acre.

Buy in Highland Park, you will do well by buying an acre there. High and dry. \$180.00 cash.

A splendid buy on the corner of Wilson and Syndicate for \$2800.00 ½ cash.

Some splendid buys in

Delton, Westmount, City View, Norwood. See us for Bargains.

A good house on River St. with stable \$2900. Cash \$600, a bargain.

Some good buys in King Edward Park Estate, will be worth a lot of money in a few weeks when the Mill Creek bridge is finished. \$130 per lot and up.

List your property with us, we have the buyers for your price is right.

Have you any houses to rent? We have the tenants.

PHONE 4403

for Bargains in all Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds.

for those desirous of enjoying the ideal holiday. A general store is opening at Fallis and already a post office has commenced business. Fallis bids fair to become a charming summer resort and it lacks nothing to make it celebrated from a health point of view. Spring water in abundance and wild fruit galore can be had and the beach is firm and sandy. In addition to the store, the local residents can supply prime dairy products and the choicest garden products, the soil being particularly. It may be mentioned in passing that the new and delicious strawberry "Alberta's Pride", which was put on the market last year, is grown in the neighborhood. The lake abounds in a variety of fish. White fish are marketed, and the local fishermen supply these to campers. Very good eating, too, is the pickerel. It is commonly called "Jack fish", and can easily be caught. Some beautiful sunsets are seen on the lake. On a clear moonlight evening the whole lake is transformed into a huge mirror. There's a future in store for Fallis.

### ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY ANNUAL BANQUET

The brilliant success of last year's Banquet may be even excelled at the Yale Hotel on Monday, April 24th, when in addition to members a large number of distinguished gentlemen have signified their intention of being present. Invitations have been issued to His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Bulyea, the Worship, the Mayor, Archdeacon Gray, the senior officers of the regiments, Major Jamieson and Col. Edwards, the President of the Board of Trade, and a number of leading citizens.

The musical programme is lengthy and varied, including many of the principal vocalists and musicians in Alberta, while the Toast List and responses should prove of a highly interesting character. Already tickets are at a premium and there is little doubt that in point of numbers there will not be a vacant chair in the newly erected and spacious dining hall.

### MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman's playing since his sensational debut a short time ago, has refuted all references as regards his being a prodigy. The young genius himself, on landing, stated that he desired to be judged according to the highest standards, and from this point of view, he has been accepted as the greatest exponent of the "King of Instruments" that has appeared since Wioniański.

A critic of the New York World in his first review of Elman said: "I arrived at Carnegie Hall in time to hear the new violinist, Mischa Elman play the 'Tschalkowski concerto' and experienced a very definite and marked sensation."

"A few bars of exquisite tone, a few sweeps of that magic bow across the strings and the story of a great success and a real new musical production was told, for one knew at once that he was no prodigy, but a master, virile in conception, execution, force and emotion."

The Elman concert will be at the McDougall Auditorium, Monday, May 1st. The prices are at the lowest figure and the seat plan is at Harmony Hall.

### SHEFFIELD CHOIR WILL BE FETED ROYALLY IN CANADA

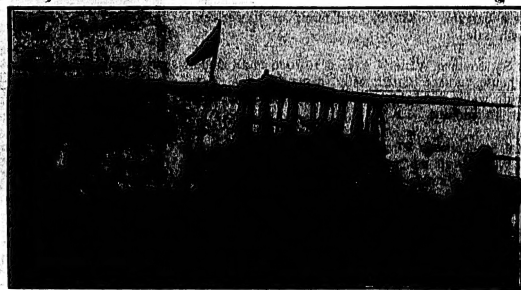
Following upon the heels of the great banquet tendered the Sheffield choir by the master cutter and business merchants of Sheffield in Cutlers' Hall on March 11, these famous singers are in for a round of functions directly they land on Canadian soil.

The two festival concerts of the Sheffield Choir will be held in the

new McDougall Auditorium on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of May, as per the announcement in The Saturday News advertising columns. Mr. Geo. H. Suckling, of Harmony Hall states that the auditorium

will for the two festival programs of the Sheffield choir provide only three thousand seats and that he expected fully 5,000 seats will be wanted by the public. Early orders for seatings is therefore urgent.

## YOUR SUMMER HOME



ONE OF THE MANY LAUNCHES AT SEBA BEACH

### SEBA BEACH

**OF COURSE** you want to own a Summer Home. There is something in you that calls for woods, cool waters, and broad, comfortable porches. When summer comes and brick walls and paving stones shimmer and quiver with the heat, you need rest and relaxation.

You may have to be in the city on business during the week, but you are refreshed and renewed by spending the week-ends at your summer home.

And it makes you glad to know that wife and babies are away from the glare, the noise, the dust, getting strong and rosy at your Summer Home.

No, this is no millionaire's dream. That summer home is within your reach. We have opened a subdivision on the shores of Lake Wabamun—the most beautiful of all the large lakes of Alberta, situated about 45 miles west of Edmonton on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with a train service each way daily. There are a limited number of large lots, all at reasonable prices and exceptionally easy terms—first come, first served.

All information about terms, locations and building arrangements will be cheerfully supplied by

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